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for his words

'difficulty is a way to enjoy it'

'awards are significant but not your totality'

contents

the beauty of life

blessed

every emotion

unspoken

positivity & luck

in the dark

what meant to happen

hard truth

home wonderland

leap

golden childhood

denial

obedience

running

faithfulness

grand finale

tranquility

invisible girl

complexity

the sense of an ending

heaven

the essence of nature

holistic wonder

ghost

kinetics

elysian

the beauty of life

the beauty of life is what cannot be expressed by words

the sense of something that is breathtaking in its beauty

what you see is the invisible

the beauty of the intangible

blessed

what a blessed life it is

thought we were never going to make it

through it all, we are still standing

having left anything to chances

all of this is the signs

reminding us to

to believe in good faith

to fight for the honor

every emotion

found myself waving at the airport

caught myself in a nightsky motel

all those choices you made

all those promises you swore

it makes you feel every emotion

where does this notion come from

it goes and comes in motion

goes and comes back in motion

unspoken

you were not going to but did it anyway

you did not know until it happened

mistakes were better than regrets

not doing it would have been harder

choices were made

chances had been misplaced

truer words were never spoken

invisible

we outgrow into who you least expected to be

becoming who is above and beyond yourself

leaving people you cared about behind

even what used to be your sentimental value

looking your reflection in the eye

you’d be nothing if not sincere

you’d be a nobody

positivity & luck

playing with grains of sand in the playfield

washing hands, seemed as though the world revolves around you as your young self

they say, luck is where hardwork meets opportunity

it is easy to be seen, to be heard, to be noticed

not to seek the answers from others

or make someone realize what is

or even demand self-preservation

running in a circle over and over

on to the next steps all along

that’s what makes you whole

it’s blurry, and it’s dull

but it’s not blind

don’t you see

the world at your feet

in the dark

a train of thoughts runs through flashbacks

passing random resemblance of sorts

crossing mixed dark sheer spreads of black and red

lingering sound of voice in disguise

hoping for the light of day

what meant to happen

the day it collapsed

this day it crashed

got right in the living moment as an event unfolds

aware of what it takes, it compensates

voice was not shaky

apologies had been made

would you have done the same if you got another chance to do it over again

things were unmanageable back then

taught you that you'd lost yourself

today, it was answerable

inevitable causes and outcomes

things it gets away with

intents on which it triggers

feelings are indescribable

symbols and reminders

mistakes you learn from

miracles faith leads

the identified patterns that repeat

things happen the way it's supposed to

what really counts, what you actually care

hard truth

neither a fake lie, nor a honest truth

borrowed time and chasing ghosts in a supposed conversation

says the implied inception

here comes the wind and the sun of a God's narrative

what do they value you for

manufactured ounce of tears, engineered crooked smile

that pretended voice it echos

here goes the same old songs and dance

what good is that gonna do

closet's skeletons falling down

frozen eyes melting away

leaving layers of unease

fluctuating a pal of secrecy

never ceased to,

somehow managed to,

another inning to have it in, the other calling have it out

home wonderland

heard the knock on a door but you said no

forgot the simplest rule of the world that you learned in a kindergarten

makes you freeze

difficult to float

kindest gesture touches and pushes you away

like two points at opposite sides go inverse and never crosses

little more fiction to sound real and true

didn't even notice they'd noticed

they say, 'nothing is perfect'

shook the head and thought it was more than perfect

tt's like wonderland

leap

an unleashed contrail in the doubling cloud

passing the fades of never-lasting phases

reversing into present acts in a rearview mirror

this winter came a month later

last year that felt like a twelve-year

a law of attraction and Aesop’s fable

this moment, for the time being, let it stay like forever

transcending moments after moments that’d be washed away in a heartbeat

these transcendent petals so much as be a yesterday’s news

golden childhood

a girl asks her mom, what does the world look like

she wonders if there'd be her story ever told

imagines a picture where bubbles flow slowly and pop up in a dream come true

'you are the most beautiful girl'

'you are going to jump high and become big'

every opportunity, every encounter

things happen for a reason

never forget the old water in a new pond

always need more space to grow in the pod

now you are walking down the road and see

flowers are smiling up,

there are birds as you look up,

the sky's blue as ever,

like every window opens up a whole new world for you

denial

a cry for help

lost in the city

‘we are in this together, right’

'nice to meet you

‘you look like really beautiful’

sorry for the mess

‘be humble’

thank you for the help

good bye, don’t want to be selfish now

sincerely

obedience

winter is coming

dark knight, tour de force

hard-fought, hard-won fights

rules that abide by

to follow the instruction, meet requirements

every trick in the book

only cards left to play

compensating your way through life in the eyes of God

there by the grace of God

oh Earth, fall on your knee

the Duty from the Universe

running

people tell stories, stories that seem too familiar

it gets to a point where these stories sound too cruel, where it hurts

put in a position where you don’t have a choice

writing, traveling, teaching

it walks, it runs

the train was moving faster

running through a rough spell

no one stands the chance

nothing is set in stone

thought to, out of intuition

it goes on

faithfulness

God is faithfulness

sins that don’t give justice

feelings are blinding, behest of strangers

unsettling thoughts passing undercover

smiles across shades, wrinkles full of nuances

unmet eyes staring at one gray stain

fingers folding in between layers of silence

head descending into dark clouds

heart that bridges fleeting spirits

hand stretching out toward a silver lining

God forbid, sees where you’ve been

knows it, what would have made you different

and things that irrevocably don’t work certain ways

something has to, or it runs out by its own

god is faithfulness, hereby

with fate in God’s hands

we ask for mercy, for forgiveness

grand finale

banging head against the wall in preamble

in the vicinity to be swallowed up whole

pace keeps to crescendo at the near peak

“don’t care why you did it”, mentor mutters softly

need a plan but wonder if that’s some disappointment

mundane moments add up to the sublime

no matter how slow it goes, how long it takes

never loses faith that it shines through

tranquility

headless routine and bourgeois tradition

wake up to the soundless night, you stare

arduous journey, roaming cows

had full of holes on a black blanket, you held

departure and return

flames rose, still and unfathomable

just sitting there, idling

tantamount to conglomerate of things

had yet to explore

invisible girl

a private life

a kingdom of isolation

a lone wolf as ever

afraid to be seen

doesn’t like obstructed exits

who wants nothing

who stops speaking

she’s nobody, transparent, nonexistent

complexity

- *life in all its complexity*

suffering and peace

holding breath, biting tongue

burnt in the pain of the past

frozen in fear

made you numb, got paralyzed

felt relieved for not having to abandon

fight to be right

breaking dawn

breaking free

the sense of an ending

knowing it is ending to the haze of blooms

every moment is a window on all time

a myriad of proses as the fruit of a thousand years

new magic of a dusty world in surge

leapt the rich meadows of youth

crept senses in a clatter of innocence and purity

like perishing in the polar night

long voyages, incarnadine discoveries

a impossible anguish on a faded grandeur

the star calls us forward

heaven

song of hope, song of life

day's phosphorescent sunlight

stand on your presence

pulling you miles away

filled the sea with the flood of tears

how could you possibly imagine

this is just before the story

song to sing, hymn to hum

night's incandescent sunset

your presence fills your eyes

pushing through the darkness still another mile

watched the ship of dreams washed away

things that cannot possibly be explained

the story's just begun

unfinished song, unexpressed love

we are indebted to our memory

this is the sanctity of human spirits

paradox of bigotry, euphoria of absolution

cope with our grief, sew up our wounds

the dying star finally returns

stars burn brightest right before they die

like God puts an angel on us

the luckiest one alive

thy grace, let it shine

on earth as it is in heaven

the essence of nature

aristocratic aberrations, damaging absolutes of society

hypocrisy against heroism

rampants of volatile feud, scouring off with left-handed contrition

surrendered, without a trace of rusted iron

wretched, bewitched by, debauched down

the air wafts cold on skin, molten up though spin

unearths the unknown

brawling river, the pine scent

fears in fantasies, torment in agony

virile women versus feminine men

bouts of sipid vengeance howling through revelation

summoned the nature, the constant nurture

it constrains, consumes, doggedly, dismally

a cloud of obscure fog covers at midday

one’s gain in dying

up mirrors in odd corners

holistic wonder

a long-lost sister, a tell-tale heart

a delinquent teen, the docile daughter

woman in white, saviors' sacrifice

victorian houses, bohemian bubble

pretty little thing, deep dark woods

run beneath the sun, on the banks below

power for powerless, dangerous or in danger

flown like a kite, thrown like a rug

ghost

spirits that repel, shadows cast over

a blade in the fan perpetuates perfectly

haunting like mirror, hoarding out

dysfunctional dynamics that roam emotions

walking along that raised ridge without falling

kinetics

a rite of raging passage

the trail of collapsed events

through pure conformity

through the filtered kaleidoscope

alternating nights of freedom

the feeling you can’t simulate

who turns potential energy into kinetic

cartographer to explorer

elysian

the dolorous state that it followed

clinging to the emotional scraps

irreparable demolition of own volition

unabridged chaos of Godliest gift

the unwilling resin left in the wake